EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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"NOW, REMEMBER!"

DREAM-HELEN.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

IT was still in the old barn. Through the open door the sunshine crept pleasantly, gilding the rough floor and rafters and casting quaint flecks of gold on the hay-piled mows. A little figure stole softly in, climbed the creaking stairs, then the long ladder, treading the masses of hay until the farther end of the barn was reached.

"Thank goodness, no one saw me!" said Helen fanning herself with her broad hat. "Now they may call, call, *call*, and I won't hear." The young girl piled up the fragrant hay until a little nook was made, in which she nestled like some young bird. Indeed, Helen always reminded one of a robin, with her big brown eyes, brown skin in which the dimples came and went, and vivid scarlet lips.

The upper door was open, and a soft breeze came in, lifting the moist brown locks from her heated temples.

"Dear me!" soliloquized our young lady. "Every minute it 's 'Helen, do this; Helen, do that; Hold the baby; Find nurse; Button Jack's boots!' I am just sick of the whole thing. Here I am, only fifteen years old, and the oldest of seven children. I never have any freedom as other girls do. It was bad enough at home; but I *did* think that when we got out in the country I might have some peace. No, it is worse here; for I have to see so much fun going on all the time and be left out. Now this afternoon I did want to go fishing with all the others; but that provoking Guy of course had the headache, and no one would do but Helen. Why in the world does he *always* want me when he 's sick? I 'm sure he never minds me when he 's well. Papa might get another nurse, if one does n't do. It is a shame for a girl of my age to be tied down just like any old woman. I heard Mrs. Kirke say so. I know folks notice it and pity me. And I don't have any decent clothes, either. Nell and Maria and Madge and even little Dorothy have their embroidered muslins over bright colors and their summer silks. I have just ginghams and cashmeres and plain muslins. Papa won't let me have my ears bored, and mamma does n't approve of bracelets. Here I am fifteen years old, and my dresses above my boot-tops and my hair in braids. Last night, after the children's 'German' was over, papa sent me off to bed when I wanted to stay up and dance with the older folks. I know I should have had partners. Dr. Hildreth says I dance as nicely as the other girls do in the 'German.' Then papa is so strict about what I eat. No coffee, no pickles or salad, just *one* piece of cake, pie once in a great while, nothing but fruit between meals. Just because he 's a doctor he thinks he can make an example, an object-lesson, of his children. And he won't let me leave the High School and go to Madame Fleury's. The girls have piles of fun there, and I think it 's just mean I can't go—"

A sudden silence fell upon the old barn. Down in the hay was a curled-up heap, — brown lashes fringing rosy cheeks, lips just parted, brow knitted up in a frown; low, regular breathing. Was our Helen in Nod-land?

"Klang! klang! klang!" rang the iron voice of the supper-bell from the house.

Helen sat up and rubbed her eyes. "Well, for once I have n't been disturbed," she said, as she hastily scrambled to her feet. "I suppose I must hurry and look after Jack and Magdalen. I do wish mamma would have them eat with nurse and baby. I suppose Larry will come in all mud, as he generally does. If Hilda were not such a baby she might help me some. The idea of a girl of twelve being so helpless!" Thus grumbling and complaining, Helen rushed down ladder and stairs, across the lawn to the hotel. She saw that everybody was hurrying to the dining-room, and with a feeling of dismay hastened upstairs. Nurse was singing to baby in the children's room as she went by; no one else was in sight. "I'm late, as usual," muttered Helen, seizing a brush and trying to reduce her rebellious chestnut locks to some semblance of order. She pinned on a clean collar with fingers that trembled so she could hardly fasten the pretty gold and coral bar, — papa's Christmas gift. Then seizing a clean handkerchief, she ran downstairs.

Jack and Magdalen sat in their places, with shining locks and fresh white dresses. But who was that in *her* place, pouring out milk in the little cups and buttering huge slices of bread for the rosy mouths that, like birds, continually begged for more? Helen stood still and leaned hard against the edge of a table in her half-frightened surprise. There in her place sat a girl, her own semblance in age, height, and general appearance. Helen pinched herself to see if she were dreaming, and stared at the strange sight.

No one noticed her, though people were constantly coming in, and the waiters rushed by with laden or empty trays. A seat opposite was vacant, and Helen remembered that her particular friend, Mollie Haynes, was away for the night. So the poor child, in her distress and bewilderment, went and sat down opposite her double and her little brother and sister. She looked into Jackie's rosy face, and said, "Jack, who is it with you?" But the child took no notice of her.

Magdalen looked at her, *through* her, it might seem, but as one who sees nothing. "Helen," she said, in her little chirpy voice, "where 's Mollie? Have she gone way off?"

To our Helen's horror and surprise the strange girl said, "Yes, dearie, Mollie has gone to see her grandpa, but she will be back to-morrow. We don't like to see her place empty, do we, darling?"

"No, 'deed!" replied the wee maid, with emphasis, shaking her gold-crowned head. "Nice Mollie swings me."

Helen's heart failed within her. "What does it all mean?" she asked herself. "Who is that girl, and is it possible they can't *see me?* Why, I 'm alive, flesh and blood just as much as ever." She sat still, unable to eat, gazing at the group. "She 's exactly like me, only — there 's a difference. What is it?" Yes, it was Helen's face, — brown eyes, pert little nose, dimple, red lips, and resolute chin. There was the same blue cambric dress, and — yes — the same gold and coral bar fastening the broad collar. Yet there was a new look on this Helen's face, — a gentle softness that smiled from her eyes, beamed from every feature, and crept caressingly into the crisp girl-tones. She scarcely ate her own supper, so occupied was she with the restless children. It was rather bewildering, — the lightning-like rapidity with which they emptied their little cups and devoured bread and cookies. Our Helen was familiar with the sight; how many times had she almost failed of making out a supper just because of it, and how cross and tired it always made her! But this Helen's brow was calm. She patiently supplied their wants, without a word of fault-finding. When Jack upset his cup in her lap, she only jumped up, laughing good-naturedly, and accepted the waiter's assistance in repairing the damage without one word of fault to the bewildered Jack, who seemed completely surprised at the state of affairs.

"How graceful and good-humored that girl is!" observed Mrs. Dr. Hildreth in low tones to her son, just behind our Helen. "Some girls would have made a regular scene."

"Yes, indeed," said the young doctor admiringly; "but that young lady is an exception. She is perfectly devoted to those youngsters. I admire her spirit."

Our Helen blushed to her very finger-tips. Did *she* deserve such praise, — *she*, who was so impatient with the children; who did things just because she had to, and thought herself abused? She watched the supper group with a half-bewildered envy. Finally the nurslings had been fed, the bibs untied, and high-chairs pushed back from the table. Then the girl passed out, a hopping, sunny little one on either side.

In the twinkling of an eye Helen found herself standing in the long parlor, where the children were dancing merrily. Her double was there also, and our Helen watched her every movement. She noticed her dancing with one of the boys whom nobody liked because he was so peculiar. "Why does she do it?" queried our Helen; and immediately there flashed into her head the old Bible verse, learned so long ago, repeated so thoughtlessly, — "Charity seeketh not her own;" and then our Helen *knew*. She saw her give up her place to a stranger, speak kindly to a shy little girl, and dance with her. She also sat still without a trace of dissatisfaction on her bright face when no one asked her to dance, or the sets were full.

"Lucretia," said an old lady near her, "do you see Margaret Blake's daughter? You remember Margaret married Dr. Williston. There she is, — the brown-eyed girl in the plain white muslin." "The image of her mother," said the second lady, putting up her eye-glass. "Yes, and the most lady-like, well-behaved girl here. So many children are spoiled nowadays by all this folly of dress and late hours. But Helen is as simple and sweet as a field-daisy, and such a comfort to her mother! You know how delicate Margaret always was as a girl. Well, after having six children she is naturally far from strong. The doctor, I 'm told, is quite anxious about her."

Our Helen felt a tight, cold hand grasping her heart. It was the trace of the fear thus aroused. "Oh, my darling mamma!" she sobbed; "my own pretty little mamma!" Then she saw a familiar face — her father's — entering the room. Dr. Williston made his way through the crowd until he reached the other Helen. He spoke a few low words in her ear. She bade her young companions good-night, and left the parlor on his arm without a trace of dissatisfaction on her sweet young face. Our Helen followed after them, and heard her father say, "I 'm sorry to give you so much care, my daughter. If it 's any satisfaction to you, why, I can tell you that you lighten your parents' burdens inexpressibly." And the tall papa kissed his tall girl with such a look of tender pride that a sharp pang of despair shot through the heart of the wretched child stumbling along behind.

It was midnight, dark, almost starless. Helen stood out of doors looking up at the front of the silent hotel. One dim light alone burned there; its inmates were wrapped in slumber. Helen was aching from head to foot with fatigue; but worse still was the pain in her desolate little heart.

"I am alone! I am afraid!" she sobbed. "I have n't any home. It won't do to go in there; *she 's* there. I am their own Helen; but they would n't hear me, much less believe me. Oh, am I dead? What *is* the matter? *Why* is God so cruel?"

Suddenly a light gleamed before her. It was from a form that came slowly along. It drew nearer, and the lantern it carried cast flickering rays at first, then burned with a steady light.

Helen's heart gave a great leap. Had the picture in the library at home taken life and come before her?

It was the figure of a man clad in strange Eastern garments. One hand carried the lantern, the other arm held with caressing firmness a tiny lamb, whose fleece was tangled with briers and stained with blood.

One look at that face, so mild, so tender, and all our Helen's fears left her.

"Dear child," said the deep voice, like the echoing of many waters, — "dear child, follow me."

"I know who you are," cried Helen, joyfully, "and I'm not afraid. But oh, how shall I do it?"

"It is by the old way of patience, faith, and love," replied the tender voice. "The way of the cross, which is the way of sacrifice, is the only way that you and I or any one else can find the Father. It is doing the little duties faithfully, being patient, hopeful, and sunny, — true sister, true daughter, true child of God."

"But I have no home now; *she* is there, and they love her. They do not want *me;* they have forgotten me," was poor Helen's bitter cry.

"Go back to your place, dear Helen; it is still open to you. You saw but your truer self in it, doing faithfully what you slighted. It is still morning, and you may be a laborer in God's vineyard. There is yet time."

Then the lovely vision faded, leaving our Helen out under the quiet stars that seemed to shine with renewed brightness down upon her calmed and hopeful heart.

"Helen! Helen! Helen!"

Our Helen sat up straight, rubbing her eyes and gazing about her in some bewilderment. "Come, Helen," said Hilda's gay voice, as her pretty pink-and-white face peeped above the edge of the loft. "We 've hunted for you everywhere. Been asleep? It 's supper-time, and we 've just got home. Come along; the infants are clamoring for you. Jackie said you 'runned away and leaved him.'"

Our Helen followed her fly-away sister down into the little world of cares, self-denials, vexations, which was still, so the Vision had told her, the *only way.*

One day, months after, Dr. Williston read to his daughters Longfellow's "Robert of Sicily." You all remember the proud king, who boasted that no power could put *him* down from his throne. You also remember how an angel in his form held the throne, while the king was forced to take the jester's place.

The doctor read the wonderful story of the poor king's humiliation, and how finally, realizing his sins, he was content to keep the lowly place. He had just read the words, "I am an angel, thou art the king," when Helen dropped her work, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears and sobs. With her father's arms about her, she told the strange dream of the summer. "I *have tried,*" she said humbly, "but it is so hard!"

"And you have succeeded," said her father, tenderly. "We have all noticed how much sweeter and kinder a Helen we have had these last few months. Don't grieve, my child, the vision is coming true; and love, faith, and patience are giving us our *Dream-Helen,* dearer and sweeter than tongue can tell."

THE IMPROVIDENT GRASSHOPPER.

BY L. A.

One day a grasshopper, in hopping around in the grass, came upon an ant-hill full of ants, who were running back and forth very busily, carrying bits of sticks and straws, and grains of wheat and corn. He regarded them with some interest, wondering in what sort of a game they could be engaged, never dreaming they could be working, for to him work seemed the greatest of all evils.

"How black they are!" he thought, and looked upon his own coat of shining green with complacency.

One of the little workers stopping a moment to take breath, the grasshopper asked what they were doing, and learned with surprise that the ants were fitting up their house and storing away food for the winter.

The grasshopper laughed at this. "For my part, I would rather live in the open air, and eat my food fresh, than to store both myself and my food away underground."

Having delivered this wise speech, he turned away. Two or three vigorous jumps brought him to the brook. A boy fishing there saw him, caught and fastened him on to his fish-hook, and swung him off over the water to tempt a trout. Not being fastened on securely, the grasshopper dropped off the hook into the water and struggled ashore, where he lay panting for breath.

Could the boy have seen him now and realized his sufferings, he must have felt sorry for the pain he had caused, and — do you not think? — ashamed as well. It is so cowardly to torture those who have no way of defending themselves!

While lying in this pitiable condition the poor grasshopper thought of the ants that he had laughed at in the morning, and concluded he would go to them for help. With many painful exertions, he reached their habitation, and the sight of his suffering touched their hearts. They bound up his wounds, laid him on a bed of moss, and covered him with a mullein-leaf to protect him from the sun's rays. There they tended him carefully till he was able to go about.

Then the grasshopper thought he would help them build their house (which they had been obliged to neglect while caring for him), so that he might feel at liberty to come to them again, in time of trouble. (His motive was certainly selfish; he ought rather to have wished to repay their kindness, but so it was.) He jumped about a great deal, scattering the sticks and straws in all directions in his efforts to help. The ants bore this patiently, attributing his awkwardness and other unpleasant characteristics to fault of education; but they did not have to endure it long. The grasshopper soon tired of work, and thought, "What is the use? 'T is not at all likely that such a calamity will befall me twice."

So one day while helping to carry a kernel of corn up the avenue to the entrance of the ants' granary, he decided to work no more. He dropped his end of the kernel, and back it rolled, carrying with it two or three of the ants; but he hopped away regardless of that, and lived quite merrily all summer, often thinking of the ants foolishly delving away.

"It may be well enough for them," he thought; "but I am sure I was not made to work. It must have been meant for me to sing and hop about and enjoy myself."

One morning, however, he was filled with dismay at finding, when he awoke, that the leaves were wilted and blackened by the frost, and that he was himself so stiff with the cold as to be scarcely able to move. He thought this must be the winter the ants had been preparing for. In the middle of the day, however, the sun came out warm, and he found some fresh leaves in a sheltered spot, and the winter did not seem so fearful to him. But the weather grew colder, and he finally applied a second time to the ants. They were justly indignant, and would have nothing to do with him. So he crept into a crevice of a rock, where he soon died of cold and hunger.

History and Biography.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

BY ANNIE DARLING.

Solomon has said, "Of making many books there is no end;" but do you ever stop to think, when you look at the many volumes that stand upon your library shelves, or when you are reading some of your pleasant story-books, of that wonderful process of printing which enables you to read "the many books" so pleasantly and quickly?

It has not always been as easy to obtain books to read as it is now. Once, in years gone by, the possession of a book of any kind was counted as a priceless treasure, and the people flocked from every quarter to read from some volume which was kept fastened by a chain to a monastery wall, and which was not even printed, but written by the monks, who used to go through the country gathering together the items of interest that they might write them, at the end of the year, in their chronicles. The first printing ever done in England was by a man named William Caxton. He was born in Kent about 1412. Having received his education from his mother, he was apprenticed to a London mercer at an early age. In 1441 he was appointed agent for the mercer's Company in the Low Countries, where he remained twenty-three years.

Here it is supposed Caxton learned the art of printing, which he practised so industriously after his return to England, that, although of advanced age, he published before his death sixty-four volumes, besides translating many pages of printed folio. Caxton's press was set up within the precincts of Westminister Abbey, where under the shadow of that grand old building he sent forth from his press the first volumes ever printed in his native land. There is in preservation at Oxford a curious old placard, with the words, "If it plese any man, spirituel or temporel, to bye any Pyes of two and thre comemoracions of Salisburi vse enprynted after the forme of this present lettrr which ben wel and truly correct, late hym come to Westmonster in the Almonesrye at the reed pale, and he shal have them good chepe."

The date of Caxton's death is thought to be either that of the year 1491 or 1492.

Thus after a useful life he was laid to rest, and his name was enrolled on the pages of England's history as one who endeavored, in his humble sphere, to uplift and ennoble his fellow-men.

Our Letter-Box.

We print the little poem below for the amusement of our very youngest readers. To our other readers we have a word to say about enigma X. The poet it speaks of is one dear to every American, and we would like to have sent us other quotations from his works, either those that seem beautiful to the sender, or that contain helpful or elevating thoughts. We know all our readers are more or less familiar with his writings. Will not each one send us something from them that has pleased his or her fancy? Of course you will all have to solve the enigma first, — which is what we want.

NELLY'S PIGS.

Ten little pigs my Nelly keeps,
They run five in a row;
And where my little Nelly goes
There too the piggies go.

And where stays Nell, there stay the pigs;
And though they love to roam,
Never a one trots down the street
When Nelly stays at home.

With her they always go to walk,
When she improves the weather;
Where 'er they go, five in a row,
They always go together.

Most surely was old Mother Goose
The daughter of a gander;
She tells such fibs about these pigs,
And how they used to wander.

To market ne'er did one of these
Go trotting off alone;
Nor would one eat of good roast meat
And leave his brother none.

They never tempt our little girl
To stray a step too far;
But in good time they bring her home,
Such trusty pigs they are!

When Nelly goes upstairs to bed,
She never goes alone;
For up trot then the brothers ten;
Behind lags never a one.

And up jump all these piggies small
When Nell jumps into bed,
Between the sheets each softly creeps,
And hides his little head.

Sweet little band! I 'm very sure
You 'll prove both wise and true;
Nor ever choose a crooked path
To lead my Nelly through.

ENIGMA X.

I am composed of 101 letters.

My 1, 96, 15, 8, 7, 4, 17, 39, 6, 27, is the name of a New England poet.

My 56, 78, 81, 12, 47, 51, 23, 73, was his birthplace.

My 68, 36, 27, 54, 77, 22, 31, is the college at which he received his education.

My 29, 11, 13, 46, 9, 2, 24, 62, 10, was his home in after life.

My 29, 70, 16, 19, 18, 14, 5, is a river that flows in sight of his house.

My 27, 92, 43, 70, 40, 72, 8, 59, 6, 83, was a famous American general who once occupied his house.

My 89, 30, 38, 3, 33, 58, 53, is the university at which he was a professor.

My 21, 86, 94, 20, 9, 52, — 63, 57, 61, 8, 25, 65, 62, 28, 26, he taught there.

My 94, 57, 87, 88, 90, is a famous Italian poet, whose greatest work has been translated by this poet.

My 32, 60, 39, 50, 44, — 75, 79, 65, 87, 73, 71, 85, 89, and my 80, 51, 37, 47, — 81, 64, 66, 69, 58, 67, are noted characters of early New England history whom the poet has celebrated in song.

My 55, 41, 92, 93, 8, 35, 63, 48, 72, 42, is the name of a maiden made dear to every one by a poem of this poet's.

My 96, 45, 84, 19, 101, — 49, 90, 38, and

My 34, 11, 3, 16, 23, 30, 8, 70, are the titles of two prose works written by the poet.

My 29, 74, 58, 76, 67, 27, is the the title of a poem of his, which has been set to music and is often sung.

My 27, 101, 91, 98, 100, 82, 93, 95, 84, 69, 81, is a famous cathedral in London where you may see the bust of this poet.

My 97, 99, 38, 69, 85, 71, 54, 101, is the place to read his poems.

My whole is a verse from one of his most famous poems, which every school-girl and boy should be able to repeat.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

36. What musical instruments do we find mentioned in the Old Testament?
37. Describe them.
38. What instrument did David play upon?
39. With what occupations were the Israelitish women largely occupied?
40. What trades did the men follow?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

31. See Isaiah iii. 18–23.
32. See Ezekiel xvi. 10–13; Leviticus xiii. 47.
33. White, blue, purple, and scarlet. (See Esther viii. 15, and Proverbs xxxi. 21.)
34. See 1 Samuel ii. 19; 2 Kings i. 8; Genesis xxiv. 65, xxxvi. 3.
35. See 1 Kings xxi. 27; Lamentations ii. 10.

Answer to New Testament Enigma in No. 9, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

For Youngest Readers.

A DOG THAT CAN SING.

BY G. R. A.

Perhaps you do not know that generally dogs do not like music. They will get as far away from it as possible. So when we found that Buff did not dislike the piano, as all our other dogs had done, we thought it rather unusual; but we never dreamed that he was going to become a singer!

When he began to sing, we did n't understand it. We thought he was howling in order to drown the music. But when he persisted in getting close to the piano or the singer, and began to get a few more notes into his scale, it dawned upon us. Buff was a singer!

As Buff is a petted dog, all his talents are cultivated. So his master sits patiently at the piano, slowly and painfully playing psalm tunes with one finger, while Buff practises. And wonderful practising it is! Buff attempts the high notes as well as the low, and will sing — or howl — for a half-hour at a time if allowed to, seeming to take real delight in it. A few notes on the piano will bring him from any part of the house, and the concert generally begins at once. Fortunately, no one of the family is a public singer, or I fear some unhappiness would be caused, for Buff's singing reminds one of a prima-donna's practising of scales and exercises. It is very funny.

I think Buff has some idea of appearing in public himself, before long. He takes every opportunity to practise; he likes to sing before strangers; and the other day when a band was playing on the street, he followed them some distance with his ridiculous accompaniment. Every one looked and stared, and wondered what it meant. But Buff was undisturbed. He sang till his master called him off.

If you ever hear of a singing dog being advertised to appear on the boards of some theatre, you will know what dog it is, and will understand that the public is to have a great treat. And then I know that you will be sure to buy tickets to the performance, and I shall look for your faces in the audience, — for I shall be there too.

SHADOWS. — A TRUE STORY.

BY S. L. HARRIS.

Little Johnny was six years old. He was very fond of playing where the sun shone brightest upon the nursery floor. One day, as he was occupied with his toys, the sun went behind a cloud, when Johnny exclaimed: "Naughty sun, to leave me when I do so like to see the bright light and the pretty window shadows!" Then he lay down and cried.

"Why, Johnny," said his little sister Katie, "the sun is not to blame. A cloud has hidden it from our sight; but it is there all the same."

"Then the cloud is naughty," said Johnny, and he began to cry again.

Suddenly he jumped up and ran into a dark closet. Nobody spoke. In a few minutes he returned, looking happier, and said: "It is pretty bright here now, is n't it? What makes it?"

"Because," said Katie, "you have come out of the darkness."

"I 'm afraid I 've been a naughty boy," said Johnny, "and I 'll go and wash it off." Then he ran to the faucet, rinsed his mouth a great many times, and washed his face.

"I 've washed the bad all off," said he, as he resumed his play on the nursery floor.

Just then the cloud passed from over the sun, and the room was flooded with its glory. Johnny clapped his hands with delight, and exclaimed: "Oh, see the sun and my lovely shadows! What a naughty boy I 've been! I won't do so again."

We hope when Johnny is a man he will believe that the sorrows of life are passing clouds, hiding but to reveal in greater fulness the infinite love and wisdom of "our Father who art in heaven."

If I, then, the Lord and the Teacher, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet. — John xiii. 14.

R. E. Kepler.

LOWLY SERVICE.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN BUTTERFLY.

BY SOLON F. WHITNEY.

In No. 6 of Every Other Sunday we were told of the beautiful flowers that nestle near the summit of Mt. Washington, the highest peak of all New England, — indeed, of all the country north of the Carolinas. One is surprised to find these delicate and beautiful evidences of the "Smile of the Great Spirit" in a region where all is so bold and rugged and storm-beaten. Indeed, the visitor to this bleak region even on warm days in July and August can well understand the feeling of awe and dread with which the Indians approached this spot.

Starting from the Glen House one forenoon in mid-summer, when any clothing but the lightest seemed a burden, but provided with extra coats and wraps for colder weather, we had the benefit of a refreshing shower before passing up beyond the region of trees. The sun soon came out again, however; and in the clearer cool air above the Half-Way House we enjoyed extensive views of the beautiful country which stretched far away below us till individual objects were lost to view in the dim distance. Here we sat and rested, reading Starr King's glowing descriptions of the scenery. The last mile, however, where only mosses grow on the rocks of the cone of Washington, and where the clouds often shut down so that one can see scarcely a rod in front of him, impressed us with the feeling that there must have been some foundation for the story that the Indians dared not go beyond the line of vegetation. They said that "on the ridge and the peaks the Great Spirit dwells. No foot-marks are seen returning from the home of Manitou in the clouds." The dread of the darkness, of the clouds, of the cold, and the dangerous rocks may have well kept the ignorant savage at a distance from these lonely regions, where the great and mighty Spirit expressed his wrath in the thunders and lightnings and the swift-descending tempests. But having no fear of the cloud-inhabiting Manitou, we searched for traces of animal and vegetable life, and found not only that the lofty peak is covered with delicate and beautiful flowers, ferns, and mosses, but also that insects appear, — butterflies that have risen from the slopes below; and what is even more remarkable, that a peculiar butterfly, which is seen nowhere else, flits from tuft to tuft of moss and hovers in the air on gentle August afternoons, when the heat of the sun has come to drive away the mists and the cold.

Once, on a rather windy afternoon, we spent many hours in search of this peculiar butterfly. It does not rise in the air to be driven far from its feeding-grounds, but nestles down into the delicately colored mosses, which are so perfectly mimicked in the color and markings of its own wings. It took hours of close search to find the first specimen. Placing this and bits of the moss close together, we could see how perfectly the butterfly is shielded from its enemies by exact imitation on its wings of the colors and markings of the moss. It would take a very bright-eyed bird and a very close look to detect this butterfly at rest on a bit of the moss. I am told that on bright, warm, sunny afternoons when there is little wind, clouds of these butterflies may be seen sporting in the air in these lofty regions. The strangest fact concerning this butterfly (the *Oeneis semidea* of scientists) is that it is found nowhere else in the country east of the Rocky Mountains except just here, within a mile of the top of Mt. Washington.

There are many interesting questions which we might ask regarding this insect. Has it been created in this later age to live under the exact conditions which are found here and exist nowhere else? Has it come, from a long struggle among different kinds of insects, to be the only one that is completely fitted to live here, and so illustrates the "survival of the fittest"? Was it originally created for that age of the world known as the glacial period, when all portions of this country, except this single peak, were buried in ice?

Let scientific men answer these questions as they will, it is still a most interesting fact that here, where the ignorant and superstitious Indian dared hardly trust his foot because of the awful thunder and lightning, the fierce winds, and the cold, driving storms of sleet and hail and snow, and where intelligent white people in modern times are sometimes overcome and destroyed in a sudden storm of sleet and snow, are found delicate mosses and ferns and flowers, and with them, basking in the brief sunshine, this beautiful White Mountain butterfly.

MUSTAPHA.

[An Oriental Tale Condensed and Adapted for Every Other Sunday.]

By S. L. Clayes.

ANY years ago an old man named Mustapha lived in the city of Damascus. He was to all appearance one of the most unfortunate of men. He was so lame that even with the aid of a stick he walked with much difficulty and suffering. His back was crooked and disfigured by an ugly hump between his shoulders. He stammered in his speech, so that often he could hardly make himself understood. He was toothless, old, and poor, and had long been dependent for his daily bread upon the charity of those to whom fortune had been more generous. In short, he found himself obliged to beg upon the streets from morning until night.

Though none could fail to pity him, still many refused to give; but by dint of great self-denial Mustapha had managed to save each month a few coins from his scanty gleanings, which he put by for a day of even greater need than the present. These he had buried in the corner of a disused field that had long had a bad name as being haunted by evil spirits.

Upon going one morning at earliest dawn to add a piece or two to his little hoard, the unfortunate man found it gone. He had been robbed of his poor treasure. What would become of him now? These were the savings of many years, — his best years. Small as they were, they were his provision, and only provision, for a time of even greater want than he had yet known.

The poor creature threw himself upon his face and wept with cries and bitter groans. Why should he live? The future, dark before, was now black as night. There could be nothing worse, — nothing so bad as life would be to him. He might better risk the chance of death. Allah could not be more cruel. He rose and ran as fast as he was able to the bank of a stream. Resting upon a stone he looked into the deep, still water. Yes, there was his refuge. The hard bitterness of life goaded him on, the quiet peace of the water drew him. In a frenzy he threw himself forward, but his lameness swerved him to one side, and he fell, bruised and senseless, but with only his outstretched hands touching the water.

When Mustapha recovered his senses he found himself supported by a stranger of stately presence, who by his kindness soon managed to draw from him his pitiful story. In return, the stranger talked to him long and seriously, pointing out that though unfortunate in body, his soul was still unsoiled by deadly sin, thanks to his lameness, which had proved a blessing indeed in saving him from the punishment he would have merited had he rushed unbidden into the presence of Allah. He then showed him the *folly* of his attempt to destroy his life. To-day was no worse than yesterday. If he had all the lost money in his hand he would not use it now; he should wait at least until things were worse, before resorting to a remedy so desperate. Then, dividing with him the contents of a slender purse, the stranger departed, leaving Mustapha greatly comforted. He concluded to live on, doing his best from day to day: the rest he would leave in the hands of Allah. But not here. Damascus had become intolerable to him. If he could but reach Bagdad! His lameness might render it impossible, — all those long, weary miles stretched between, — but at least he could try; and if he should perish upon the way, was it not Allah's affair rather than his?

Mustapha grasped his staff and set forth. His progress was of the slowest; but each day saw him a few miles farther upon his journey. As he subsisted upon the alms of travellers he sometimes suffered for want of food and water; but Allah was kind, and he was not allowed to perish. After he had gone a considerable distance he was overtaken by a merry party of merchants, who inquired the object of his lonely pilgrimage. The poor wretch tried to answer them, but frightened by their ways stammered so badly that he could tell them nothing. This increased their mirth; but being good-natured as well as merry, when he at last succeeded in telling them his tale, they allowed him to join their party, and let him ride upon one of the camels. He was now well fed, and things went on most smoothly for many days, until one morning they saw a distant cloud of dust upon the desert. It rolled nearer and nearer, and at last defined itself into a band of robbers, which soon attacked and killed the company of merchants.

Poor Mustapha, who had taken no part in the skirmish, was found by the robbers when all was over lying upon his face on the sand, groaning and crying loudly upon Allah for aid. The leader of the band, who was a short and very ugly man, said, "Let us spare this poor beggar, that we may merit the blessing of Allah. Besides, look at him; he is as like me as my brother;" and, indeed, in face as well as figure, there was a resemblance between them. Then he approached Mustapha, and speaking in a kind tone said, "My brother, thou seemest to be very poor; thy clothing is of the scantiest. Cast off those ragged garments; here, I will give thee my own coat, and also this skin wherein to wrap thyself. Go in freedom where thou wilt, and may the blessing of Allah follow thee!" The members of the band, in imitation of their leader, gave him each a coin; and Mustapha, enriched in purse, and deeply thankful in heart for his good fortune, bade them farewell, and continued on foot his journey towards Bagdad.

Arriving at the gates of a town he was terrified by being seized by the soldiers of the guard, whose captain proclaimed him to be no other than the famous robber Gulmach, — declaring that this man's band, after being for a long time a scourge to all travellers, had only four days previously attacked and murdered the brother of the Cadi himself. While some of the soldiers claimed to recognize his person, others were clamorously asserting that he had upon him at that moment the very coat and skin which having belonged to the dead man were well known to them all. In vain Mustapha protested his innocence. He was roughly dragged before the Cadi, whose grief and rage at the sight of the murderer of his brother, clothed in his very coat

could be satisfied with nothing less than an immediate vengeance, and Mustapha was condemned to suffer death at once.

The executioner began to strip the unfortunate man that he might the more readily perform his office, when the Cadi loudly called upon him to desist. "Stop!" he cried; "this man has a hump between his shoulders, while we all know that Gulmach, though short and thick, is still straight. Let him explain how he became possessed of my brother's clothing, for he is *not* Gulmach."

Poor Mustapha, although he was in deadly terror and much hindered by his stammering, did this to the best of his ability; when the Cadi said, "Judge of the Believers! I withdraw my accusation. Appearances deceived both myself and others, the skin having concealed the hump wherein he differs from Gulmach."

Mustapha was now set free, and the pity of the bystanders having been aroused by the mistake which had so nearly proved fatal to the trembling wretch before them, they bestowed alms upon him, and he again departed upon his way.

Shortly after leaving the town Mustapha was overtaken by a man who carrying a heavy burden upon his shoulders could not make much more progress than Mustapha himself; and they decided to join company. After travelling together for several days they found that their provisions began to run low, and though they ate of them most sparingly, the provisions were soon all gone. Stopping to rest one day at noon, they fell asleep, and on awaking perceived with joy some nuts lying at a little distance upon the ground. They at once gathered these, and Mustapha's companion, cracking the shells between his strong white teeth, ate heartily of the kernels; but Mustapha, with his toothless jaws, could not break them. At this the other, laughing maliciously, taunted him, saying that teeth were good, and had he used his with greater care he would not now be starving in the midst of plenty. Poor Mustapha struggled with both jaws and fingers to break the shells, but they were so very hard as to defy his utmost efforts. The other merrily ate his fill, refusing to give Mustapha the merest fragment of a kernel; but while he was still sitting enjoying his feast, he was attacked by dreadful pains, and soon rolled over upon his back quite dead.

Mustapha, left alone upon the desert, and already weakened by want of food, was overcome by this catastrophe. He seated himself beside the dead body and bitterly wept aloud.

After a while he perceived coming towards him in the distance a traveller riding upon a beautiful horse, and followed by a train of servants. When this man saw Mustapha weeping he approached to inquire the cause of his grief, and upon learning it hastened to assure him that he had great reason to thank Allah for being unable to break the nuts, as they were a deadly poison. He ordered his servants to bury the dead body, gave Mustapha food, and allowing him to mount upon a horse behind one of his servants, carried him away in his train.

At the end of several hours' hard riding they arrived at a splendid mansion, where they alighted. The stranger, taking Mustapha by the hand, bade him welcome, and entering, conducted him through stately apartments enriched by silken hangings of harmonious colors, decorated by statues and pictures, and made musical by the plash of fountains and the voices of singing birds. Seating themselves at last upon a luxurious divan, the stranger asked Mustapha to relate to him the whole history of his life. This he willingly did, dwelling most particularly upon what had occurred since the loss of his money. When his story was finished, a delicious supper was served by four tall negroes clad in garments of white and scarlet, after which he was conducted by the master of the house to a sleeping apartment far grander than any he had ever before beheld.

Upon awaking in the morning Mustapha found a slave standing beside his couch to do his bidding, and new garments of the finest texture provided for his use. Bewildered by the good fortune which surrounded him, for the moment he almost believed that he had reached the place designed for the abode of the virtuous dead.

His host, who spent many hours daily with his poor guest, held long conversations with him, calculated to draw from him all the deepest secrets of his heart. After a fortnight had passed, he one day said: "Mustapha, it is in thy power to become the master of all this that surrounds thee, and more. I have a daughter who is my only child, and the heiress of all I possess. Although Allah has withheld from her beauty of person, she is rich in all accomplishments, and her heart is as white as those of the angels themselves. To thee, also, comeliness has been denied; but in these days of our companionship I have fathomed thy soul, and I believe thee to be good and kind, honest and true. Thy own misfortunes may, perchance, awake compassion in thy heart for hers, and in thee she may find a not unworthy mate and protector. Thou shalt see her unveiled, and shouldst thou then desire to wed her, I will bestow her upon thee in marriage."

Thereupon he clapped his hands, and a side-door opening, a train of six negresses entered, in whose company was a person of low stature, humpbacked, and covered from head to foot with a veil of cloth of gold. This the father raised, disclosing a face coarse in feature, with tusk-like teeth, blind of one eye, and somewhat distorted; but it seemed to Mustapha that underlying all this there was a soft and gentle expression of goodness. She remained with them for an hour, talking so wisely yet modestly, and singing so sweetly, that Mustapha's heart was won.

After her departure the father turned to him, saying: "Many have wished to wed my daughter, but when contrary to the custom of our country I have shown them her face, they have left my house. Speak to me truly, I pray thee, the thoughts of thy heart. I promise I will not take it amiss shouldst thou, like them, tell me that to thee, too, she is repulsive."

When Mustapha assured him that on the contrary he was attracted by her goodness and accomplishments, his host embraced him warmly; and soon the marriage was celebrated with great feasting and rejoicing.

A month later, Mustapha seated himself beside a fountain in a retired part of the garden to muse upon the good fortune which had so marvellously befallen him, for his wife was no longer unlovely in his eyes. Her heart and mind were so beautiful that to him they seemed to shine through, lighting up and softening the plainness of her person. While he thus sat musing a movement attracted his attention, and looking up he beheld standing beside him the same stranger who had saved and comforted him when he attempted to drown himself at Damascus. After regarding him for a moment with a benevolent smile, the stranger spoke, saying: —

"That which Allah gives, and man receiving considers as his misfortune, often proves to be his greatest good. At the time thou wert about to drown thyself for the loss of a little filthy lucre thy lameness saved thy life. Moved by my words thou soon hadst ceased even to grieve for its loss. Thy stammering made the merchants merry, yet they helped thee on thy way. Thy poverty, and the ugliness of thy face obtained for thee mercy and gifts when thou hadst fallen into the hands of a band of cruel robbers. Thy humped back saved thy life from the wrath of the Cadi; and again, the loss of thy teeth served to protect thee from the Angel of Death. Finally, had it not been for thy great uncomeliness, thou wouldst never have attracted the consideration of thy father-in-law, nor have become the husband of a wife whose immense wealth is but a smaller treasure, compared with her goodness, wisdom, and accomplishments."

CHRYSANTHEMUMS AND CHRISTMAS.

BY A. E. F.

Chrysanthemums is a very big word for little mouths; but if children knew all the wonderful shapes this flower takes, and could see all the rare tints that the different kinds assume, they would think the word hardly large enough for so fine a flower. Just at the close of the year, when everything seems dead, this flower surprises us; for it blossoms then out of doors, though one would suppose it needed July suns and August heats to bring it to maturity. During the chilly short days of November, when the sun drops so suddenly behind the hills that we turn to the fireside for cheer, this peerless flower is born. It may not be that everybody has time to study and admire it as did one poor mother we know, who has to lie down nearly all the time when many other mothers are working for their children. She often wonders why her children are so loving and thoughtful; for she cannot go to see the fine shows with them, and frequently has to say to them, "Please to be quiet," or, "Run away now, I must be left alone;" and instead of being gayly dressed to look fine, she has often to lie in a simple dressing-gown. Still, the children of this invalid mother are almost always thoughtful, and they are always kind to her. She has found as much joy in chrysanthemums as others do in fine apparel, or in going to theatres and concerts and parties.

Christmas came once more; and somehow there was less money than usual for presents, and the poor mother felt sorry to hear the children talking about new "Acme skates," a new "chatelaine," and subscriptions to various papers, when she knew the gifts must be exceedingly simple. When Christmas morning dawned, she forgot for a time her own weariness in seeing the happiness of the children over their presents. Suddenly little Marjorie was missing. Her plump stocking, which had been hung beside her chair at breakfast, was untouched, and nobody had seen the child go out. While all were wondering, Marjorie came breathlessly in, her cheeks very pink, her eyes bright, and laid a big newspaper bundle in her mother's lap. "There, Mamma, I earned the money washing the supper dishes and taking care of my room; and you have n't had any this year, and — here they are."

The paper was opened, and the room was full of a Christmas light for the mother. The spotless purity of the white varieties, the exquisite delicacy of the yellow, the richer beauty of the darker ones, the matchless colors of the new species of this flower, were observed; but there was something even better than these in the flowers. They spoke of a loving young heart that remembered a sad mother; they told of generous thoughts that had planned this surprise; they preached a sermon to the others, who were eagerly admiring their own gifts; and when, later, sweet Marjorie was enjoying her presents, and her mother lay in bed with only the white blossoms in a glass by her side, the chrysanthemums had given more happiness and peace than the costliest jewels could have bestowed. It may not be given to all to extract the whole meaning that lies hidden within the variously shaped petals of the chrysanthemum; but this flower has a mission, and all may learn it who will turn from the material to the spiritual things which God has prepared for us.

"It cheers with bloom the stormy gloom
By chill December nursed;
And it is told in stories old
That this fair flower first,
On that blest morn when Christ was born,
Into white beauty burst."

The moment a man is satisfied with himself everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

The best teacher of duties that still lie dim to us is the practice of those we see and have at hand.

Teachers' Department.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

Is it possible to keep the attention of the little ones through the entire session?

Yes. Why not? You cannot do it without preparation and effort; but you *can* so prepare yourself and so devote yourself to the work that the half hour will seem all too short. Miss Wheelock, in her recent teaching exercise before our Sunday-School Union made us all "little ones" for the time, and our attention was caught at once and held to the end. You cannot be a Miss Wheelock, you will say. No; but you can study and prepare yourself as thoroughly as she does, and then you will in your degree win the desired success.

One word more: add to thorough preparation an animated manner. Be as "wide awake" as the liveliest child in your class. Don't be afraid of smiling. Let your love for your little pupils find expression in your manners. Teach from a full mind and a warm, sympathetic heart. Learn the useful art of keeping your pupils' minds active and their curiosity aroused. Their attention, then, will easily be held through the entire session.

Why should we make the Old Testament stories the subject of Sunday-school instruction?

Mr. Dole gives a good answer to this question in the Preface of his excellent little manual, "Early Hebrew Stories." He says: —

"The characteristic of the Hebrew wonder-stories is their vein of deep religiousness. While others told such stories for entertainment, the Hebrews told them to express their conviction of the reality of God. Their distinctions of right and wrong were not delicate nor always correct. But the Hebrew stories generally convey an idea that right is supreme and invincible, and that wrong is hateful. This moral and religious tone in the old Bible stories gives them a peculiar and permanent interest. They are also illustrations of life in early times."

Is it possible to teach lessons as they should be taught without attending regularly teachers' meetings?

Certainly. Teachers' meetings are very useful, and should be held regularly where this is practicable. The general efficiency of the school is greatly promoted by them. In some schools the work of the teachers could not be carried on successfully if the habit were dropped of going weekly to the teachers' meeting for the instruction and inspiration which it gives to the teacher. But each teacher must make special preparation, by personal research and thought, for the teaching-exercise; and this can be done even if no teachers' meetings are held. Self-help and self-reliance are needful qualities in a teacher. Inspiration and guidance from others are of value only as they kindle and direct the application of the individual mind to its tasks and problems.

What would you do with a boy or a girl who will not mind his, or her, Sunday-school teacher?

The disciplinary work here referred to may properly devolve on many persons. The teacher has a right to call to her aid the superintendent, the pastor, the parent. But let her first *minimize her commands*, and exhaust the resources of wisdom and kindness in a patient effort to win the needed obedience.

Our Book Table.

CLASS B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

LOB-LIE-BY-THE-FIRE, THE BROWNIES, AND OTHER TALES. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1887. pp. 349. Price $1.00.

The stories in this book are short and delightfully told. Parents will gladly welcome the book; for like all Mrs. Ewing's other writings, the stories contain good and wholesome lessons for children.

M. T.

A FLAT-IRON FOR A FARTHING. BY MRS. EWING. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 284. Price $1.00.

This excellent story-book is interesting to both young and old. Unlike some of the author's other tales this story brings the hero to a happy manhood, and we see him at the last repaying the loving care which he had received when he was a motherless boy.

L. S.

CLASS C.

Books for Teachers and Adult Classes.

LECTURES IN THE TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR KINDERGARTNERS. By Elizabeth P. Peabody. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1886. pp. 226. Price $1.00.

The eight lectures of which this book is made up were addressed by Miss Peabody to pupils in training classes for Kindergartners in Boston and other cities. They unfold the principles and methods taught by Froebel, and contain suggestions and advice that are as well adapted to the wants of mothers as to the Kindergarten teacher.

Miss Peabody's book should find its way into every home. We specially commend to mothers the lectures on "The Nursery" and "Discipline."

M. T.

THE TEMPERANCE TEACHINGS OF SCIENCE: Adapted to the use of Teachers and Pupils in the Public Schools. By A. B. Palmer, M.D., LL.D. With an Introduction by Mary A. Livermore. D. C. Heath, & Co. pp. 163. 1886. Cloth, 50 cents.

One who does not want to be convinced that total abstinence is the true temperance principle had better not study this book. Its purpose is to bring its readers "to the rational conclusion and firm resolve that in whatever form, — as an article of 'diet,' of luxury, or as a beverage, — *alcohol is harmful, is useless, we will not take it.*"

This purpose the author (Professor in the College of Medicine and Surgery in the University of Michigan) seeks to accomplish by showing (1) how alcohol is produced, and how it enters into the composition of various liquors; (2) by clearly describing the parts and qualities of the human system; (3) by showing the effect of alcohol upon the stomach, the liver, the lungs, the heart, the kidneys, the brain, and nervous system. The chapter treating of the formation of habits and their influence upon character is good Sunday-school instruction. The conclusion reached is "that alcohol as a beverage, however guarded the indulgence, is useless, injurious, and dangerous," — a conclusion one cannot reject without disproving the facts given in the book. The style is clear, direct, and simple, such as children in any grammar school could comprehend. Any teacher who carries a class through this book will have given them a strong, healthy bias against the use of alcohol. The Introduction, by Mrs. Livermore, sets forth graphically the need of such knowledge as the book gives; and an Appendix, by the author, reviews an article by Sir James Paget, on "The Contrast of Temperance with Abstinence."

J. L. M.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

AT the New Year's Festival of the Arlington (Mass.) Sunday-school, Mr. H. H. Ceiley, who has been for ten years the faithful and energetic superintendent of the school, was the recipient of a handsome "volume." When the "volume" was opened, it was found to contain not golden sayings, but twenty-five gold dollar-pieces, — a suggestive way of expressing the golden opinions which Mr. Ceiley's service has justly earned for himself.

THE Channing Sunday-school, at Newton, Mass., has been fortunate in its superintendents. Mr. Henry B. Wells, whose efficient labors as a Sunday-school worker are widely known, was obliged, on account of business engagements, to resign the superintendency at the beginning of the present school-year. He has been succeeded in office by Mr. Charles H. Drew, one of our most devoted Unitarian laymen, under whose direction the school at Newton is prospering and putting forth earnest and united efforts for the religious, moral, and social improvement of its members.

A PLEASANT feature of Unitarian Sunday-school work in Newton has been union social meetings of the officers and teachers of the three Unitarian Sunday-schools. The first of these meetings was held in November, at the Channing Church parlors. Mr. W. C. Bates read the paper which was so favorably received at the Worcester meeting of the Sunday-School Society. On the evening of January 18, the three schools met again in the vestry of the West Newton Church. Miss Lucy Wheelock, of Boston, gave an interesting teaching-exercise, illustrating primary-class methods.

ANOTHER NEW MANUAL.

THE Unitarian Sunday-School Society has just issued No. 2 of Vol. I. of the Sunday-School Lessons on "Lives and Deeds." Its title is, "Hebrew Prophets and Kings," by Rev. Henry G. Spaulding. Besides the six lesson-chapters, each one of which is long enough for two lessons, the manual contains an excellent colored map of Palestine before the Captivity, a series of Notes and Questions, and two lists of Reference-Books. Price 20 cents. By the dozen, $2.00. Fifty or more copies, 15 cents each.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

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